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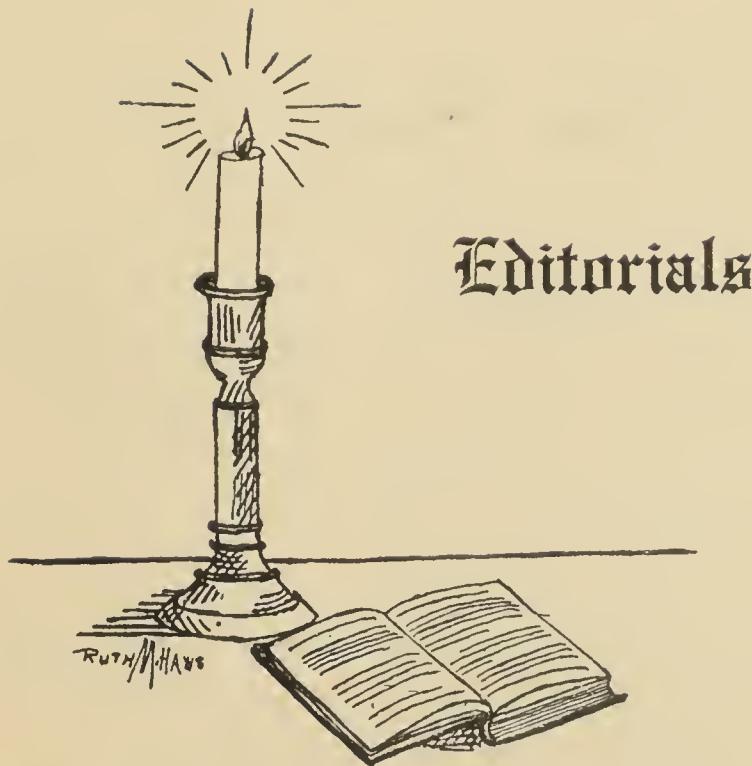
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Table of Contents

EDITORIALS	- - - - -	3
CLASS SONG	- - - - -	4
LITERARY—		
Class Prophecy	- - - - -	5
The Value of Little Things	- - - - -	7
Frances E. Willard	- - - - -	9
The Story of a Great Tragedy	- - - - -	11
A Victory of Peace	- - - - -	12
The Molding of a Character	- - - - -	15
A Good Great Man	- - - - -	18
Scylla and Charybdis	- - - - -	21
ATHLETICS	- - - - -	23
EXCHANGES	- - - - -	23



Editorials

THE end of another school year is here. To some this is the end of four years of good, wholesome work, while to others the first chapter has just been completed. Those who are finishing this year, we are sure, can look back over the time spent in this high school with a feeling that they have successfully surpassed in the struggle and are much stronger in overcoming the many obstacles that fell in their way. The ones who have kept "pegging away" during the term, are now sure to feel satisfied with the good work they have accomplished in rising one step higher in the mighty realms of knowledge. Those who have been somewhat indifferent to their studies and school activities will regret that they have left so many golden opportunities slip by. But there is another term coming and all will have a chance to improve their own standing and at the same time make a bigger, better Marple-Newtown High School, for if we all do what is in our power to grasp our daily tasks with a clear conscience, we are bound to elevate the intellectual atmosphere of our school.

THIS is the last issue of our school paper for this term. We hope that the succeeding editors and staff will manage the paper in such a way as will bring honor to themselves and their school. We wish them the best of success. Hearty thanks are extended to all who have aided in contributing to this publication.

Class Song

(TUNE, *Genevieve, Sweet Genevieve.*)

WE'RE standing at the open door
Of all the world's bright golden store,
Our only plea, that we may live
Our very best,—to others give.
We're asking not that we may gain
Success, or life, or worldly fame.
Whatever fate, we'll do our best,
And strive with eager, noble zest.

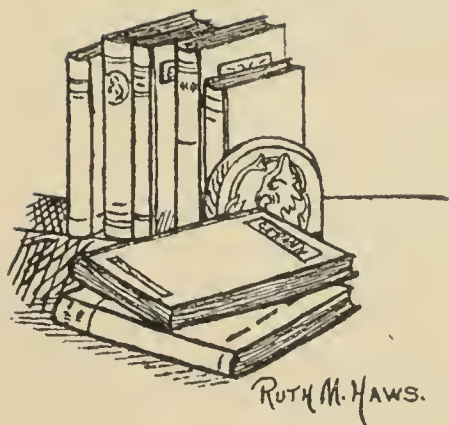
Sometimes we'll falter on the way,
Sometimes night's shades will darken day;
Sometimes we'll lose what we begin,
But we'll press onward till we win.
Life holds for us our golden dreams
Which light our path with radiant beams,
So as we climb Life's pathway dear,
We'll never waver, never fear.

We do not know the half Life holds,
Of joys and sorrows yet untold;
We cannot see the rocks so steep
That now lie hidden, buried deep.
But as we climb the upward road,
Altho we're cumbered with a load,
We'll see ahead a longed-for goal,
For which we'll strive to gain control.

CHORUS:

We're climbing on to heights afar,
A noble life, our guiding star.
And when at last our goal is won,
We'll feel content with what we've done.

EDITH BOYD.



Literary

Class Prophecy

OUR high school course is over. Each one has followed his or her career thru life. Twenty years later we see them each in their own sphere, happy and content with their lot. We see Grace, her Normal School course ended, teaching in a district school. There is nothing but the daily routine of school days to stir her lonely life. Neither moonlight walks nor Wednesday nights arouse her morbid thoughts, for Grace has decided long ago that her life must be independent of other lives and that nature has fitted her to be a school teacher, not a wife or mother. Grace is content, but with one fault at teaching, because, for all her learning and practice, she has not yet become patient or has not yet learned to control her unruly temper, for every day some new trial comes up which tries her patience too long it seems, and she becomes very angry.

Edna has pursued her business course for several years, but after a while she becomes dissatisfied, and having a great liking, besides a natural talent for music, she has taken a special course in that line. So, after ten years of study, we see her playing, not only in the most famous opera houses of this land, but in Europe, in Asia, and everywhere, for her fame has spread all over the land. Day and night she sits at her piano, playing for the music-crazed people. After she has finished, cheer after cheer of applause greets her. Blocks away you can hear the clapping and the shouts. Thousands of gloves have been worn out from the clapping. The whole world is enraptured over her.

During her high school days Frances became very much interested in politics and woman's suffrage. After following up that just cause, until woman has the vote all over the United States she again takes up politics, so twenty years from now we are not at all surprised to see her at the head of our government. First she was a Representative, then a Senator,

Governor of her state, and at last President of our great land. She rides in state from one end of the country to the other, giving great speeches on the most important subjects of the day, and urging the most earnest support in all she does, encouraging all with her cheerful words and pleasant smile that she will do her best for them.

Ammon has chosen a literary career, and the one line which he has taken up is poetry. Twenty years later he is just a typical poet—long hair, thin as can be, starved in a garret, walking the streets with a manuscript under his arm, turned away from every publisher's door, but with a contented look on his face. No, this is not always his lot, for not long afterwards we see him rising to fame,—why he can't help it, he writes such beautiful poetry. Of course his main topic is nature, for that is what all the poets write about, and he has a very unusual talent for writing on that certain subject, for the way he describes nature makes you feel as if you are right out doors with her yourself.

After Edith finished her Normal School course, she taught school for several years, when she decided to turn over a new leaf. She did this for a bald-headed professor who had lived a very lonely life, and whom she afterwards married. Henceforward her life has been very happy. She does her own housework, and cooking, and in general makes life very happy for her professor. Her life in the community has been very promising. In her quiet way she has become not only a great leader in the church, but also a great leader in the social life. All the young people come to her for advice on their love affairs. The troubled brides and anxious mothers seek her counsel when perplexed and worried. She cheers the broken-hearted lovers, mothers and orphans, and helps everybody in general. Her life is very uplifting and noble.

Ethel has abandoned the idea of being a business woman, and having been left a very rich legacy by her old bachelor uncle, she finally decides to spend the rest of her life traveling over this world and discovering some unknown regions. She travels all over this great land (in fact she has traveled much of that already), all over Europe, which is very interesting to her for it is just building up again from this great World War. All during her travels she is discovering various places and objects. Every week or so we read in the papers something that the famous Miss Russell has discovered. One time it's the "Road to Happiness," then the "River of Golden Dreams," and at last the "Key to Some-man's Heart."

Margaret's career has been a varied one, for after several years of teaching she becomes very much interested in astrology. (In fact she has quite an interest in that line now. Many nights she sits gazing at the stars and moon, when every one else is fast asleep, but not alone, I assure you! Of course there must be some one to guard and shield her from the chill air of these summer nights.) Perhaps the thought of those

evenings of long ago has inspired her to become an astrologist (we can't tell), but it seems so strange for her to take up a course like that, which, however, is well suited to her, for she can sit for hours, looking out at the sky without moving or becoming tired.

EDITH BOYD.

The Value of Little Things

HOW little we realize the value of little things in life,—what the little things have meant both in the history of the nation and the life of mankind. As we look down thru the pages of history we can get a glimpse of what some very little things have meant to the world. The crossing of a brook meant the conquest of the world in the time of Cæsar. The great chalk cliffs of England were built by rhizopods, too small to be seen clearly without the aid of a magnifying glass. The cackling of a goose aroused the sentinel and saved Rome from the Gauls. It was a small thing for a beast to knock over a lantern in a shanty, yet it laid Chicago in ashes and left homeless a hundred thousand people. The absence of a comma in a bill, which passed thru Congress several years ago, cost our government a million dollars. A flight of birds probably prevented Columbus from discovering this continent, for when he was becoming anxious he was persuaded by one of his crew to follow a flock of birds flying southward. If he had not done this he would have landed on the coast of Florida. A cricket once saved a military expedition from destruction. A large company of soldiers were going to South America, and they would have been dashed to pieces on a ledge had it not been for a cricket which a man had brought on board. When it scented the land it began to sing, and this warned them of their danger.

Trifles light as air have often suggested to the thinking mind ideas which have revolutionized the world. The spectacle of a spiral of steam rising from a tea kettle has given birth to the mammoth locomotive of to-day. The web of a spider suggested to Captain Brown the idea of a suspension bridge. By means of a kite Franklin has given to the world one of the greatest agencies that have helped in the progress of man and which prophesies great possibilities for the future.

Greatest of all is the value of little things in the every-day life. Men often fail in business because of their neglect of the little things. Physicians often fail to gain a reputation because of the lack of some small detail. We are all inclined to be proud of our strong points but we are very neglectful of our weak ones. Yet to overcome our greatest weakness is but to measure our own true strength. Small things become great when a great soul sees them. Wordsworth could see the destiny of a great man wrapped up in a little child, or a volume of poems in a rose or violet. The heroic act of one man has sometimes elevated a nation, such as King John signing the Magna Charta, which has resulted into the

English Parliament and Constitution of the United States. Sometimes just a conversation or sentence in a letter will help us to understand the character of the author. We say that some little weakness or a quick temper are little things, but yet they have wrecked many a great career. A word coldly spoken, or a little deed withheld may cause years of regret. What a harvest of tears a careless word may cause. How a little flower will brighten a dark room, or the song of a bird cheer a dreary wood. How a little beam of sunshine, creeping thru a crevice, will scatter the gloom of a dark dungeon. Just a cheery word or smile will bring volumes of sunshine into a gloomy life. How a little word of comfort and sympathy helps to lift the weight of a sad heart. How a little deed of kindness helps to enlighten the burden of a weary soul,—it may be only a drink of water to a thirsty traveler, or a helping hand to a weaker brother.

Every day is a little life; and our whole life is but a day repeated. We dare not lose a day or dare misspend it. But what is the happiness of our life made up of? Just little courtesies, little kindnesses, pleasant words, genial smiles, a friendly letter, good wishes and good deeds. If we are very careful not to neglect the little things, God will take care of the great things.

So let us not despise the little things in life, but let us seek to find the greatest things even in the small.

“Think naught a trifle, tho it small appear,
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life.”

MARGARET BOYD.



Frances E. Willard

FRANCES E. WILLARD was a child of our American prairies and the daughter of an American home. So she had strength and gentleness, simplicity and vision. The wide free fields were the playgrounds of her childhood. Her unfolding soul was deeply impressed by the vast calmness of the great primeval woods. Association with her neighbors was scant and difficult, and so her home was a refuge and a shrine. It was a place where peace and love and safety and all unselfishness reigned supremely. She early received into her very soul that conception of the home to which her whole life was dedicated.

Her mission and work was to make the homes of millions pure, to render sweet and strong those human relations which constitute the family. So her wise method did much for the uplifting of mankind and for the welfare of a noble and enduring nation.

Frances Willard received her inspiration from a higher source than human thinking. In her life's work we see restored to earth that faith which, whenever man has let it work its miracle, has won victory here and immortality hereafter. Such was the faith of Joan, the inspired maid of France; such that of Columbus, sailing westward through dark and unknown seas; such was the faith of those good missionaries who first invaded the American wilderness. So Frances Willard's faith was the conquest of evil by good. The Bible was to her divine and over her as well as over the minds of others had immeasurable and increasing influence. It was this book which gave Frances Willard her mission, her strength, her hope, her argument, and her inspiration.

Thus prepared and thus equipped she went out into the world and to her work. There is no method by which her good works can be measured. The half million of women whom she brought into the Women's Christian Temperance Union is only a suggestion of the real results of her works. She made the moral atmosphere of a continent purer. She rendered the life of a nation cleaner, the mind of a people saner. Millions of homes to-day are happier and countless numbers of wives and mothers bless and praise her. By her work for temperance and social purity Frances E. Willard has left an impressive mark on her country as one of its greatest social reformers.

Her capacity for work, which was untiring and unremitting, is one of her greatest characteristics. She knew no days of leisure: even while traveling her hand was always busy taking notes, or she was engaged in planning and devising some new method to help forward her various enterprises.

The secret of her success lies in the fact that she set herself toward her aim and nothing would tempt her from the goal. Even the most beautiful mountain scenery would not interfere with the task she had

in mind. While others rejoiced in the beauty of the most wonderful scenes, she rejoiced in accomplishing her task which she had planned. She was a person who could accomplish because she could deny herself, and it was this constant habit that molded her mind and made her work of importance.

Francess Willard is considered one of the most eloquent of the orators of our time. Her orations and lectures contained pathos, humor and power and were clearly understood by her audiences. Her enemies condemned her as being "ambitious," but she was solely ambitious for others. She gave up a career as brilliant as any that ever opened to a young woman, adopted a vocation that promised not one penny of money, placed herself to the most unpopular reform of the time, and devoted her best years to the most thankless tasks.

The following words were written in part by Miss Willard's side as she lay in her exalted sleep:

"Sleep well, brave heart! Beloved of Christ and crowned,
 God gives thee sleep.
 The wide world's love enwraps thy slumber round,
 God gives thee sleep.
 His angels smile, His stricken children weep.
 Yet smiles nor tears shall break thy blessed sleep.

"O, wondrous face! whose solemn, mystic grace
 O'erfloods the gloom
 Till grief in all this sorrow-shadowed place
 No more finds room.
 Show us, dear Lord, what sight breaks on her eyes!
 Let us, too, hear the voice that bids her rise.

"Chide not our tears, so weak are we and blind,
 For she would share
 Her gladness with us who are left behind.
 Heed thou our prayer.
 Not yet? Not yet? The vision tarrieth still?
 Then grant us, Lord with her, to love Thy will.

"To work Thy will, to follow where she trod,
 Without one fear;
 To drink her cup, to climb the heights of God,
 Knowing her near;
 To make her joy more joyous by our strife;
 So may we share, e'en here, her glorious life.

"So shall our homes, our land in shame so long,
 Be cleansed from wrong;
 So shall our hearts that break thru love be strong;
 So shall the throng
 Of suffering souls still thru thy life be blessed.
 Thy work rests not, brave heart. Take thou thy rest."

EDNA HANLEY.

The Story of a Great Tragedy

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born on the twenty-second or twenty-third of April, 1564. He received an education equal to that of the average American college graduate, and was a great lover of nature and sports. Five or six years after he left school he was married to Anne Hathaway. He lived in Stratford-on-Avon until poverty drove him to seek employment elsewhere. He went to London, in some way came in contact with actors and finally joined a company of them.

Shakespeare wrote drama, comedy, and tragedy. Dramatic poetry is the purest and most difficult form of poetry,—showing a clash at will, a spiritual contest. The business of a dramatist is to portray the naked truths of human beings. He must have a dramatic idea worked out in his mind until complete. The play proceeds on the same set lines—the spiritual element is kept secret until it bursts forth in the climax. Shakespeare is the most gentle and just of dramatists. His tragedies always start free and happy. In the tragedy of Macbeth we have Duncan happy on his throne and Macbeth raised higher in peerage. The disturbance of this noble stream of life marks the beginning of the tragedy,—a conflict between justice and revenge.

The main story of the tragedy of Macbeth is the striving for worldly possessions in the form of political gains. The chief characters are Macbeth, Lady Macbeth and Banquo. At the opening of the story Macbeth distinguishes himself in battle and rises in rank from thane of Glamis to thane of Cawdor. Duncan, the present king of Scotland, proclaims his eldest son, Malcolm, to be his heir and the future king,—the honor which Macbeth desired. A prophecy that Macbeth will some day be king has been foretold by the witches and puts the needed drop of poison in Macbeth's mind. When Duncan visits his vassal, Lady Macbeth and her husband plot to kill their guest. After the murder of Duncan they both sink deeper into crime, thinking to cover each previous sin with a new one. Banquo, a general in Macbeth's army, remains very silent and it is a question whether or not he is a silent accomplice of Macbeth's—that is, was Banquo also striving for the throne. In the meantime, Malcolm, seeking revenge on his father's murderer, marches with his army on Macbeth, and at the close of the story we have the slaying of Macbeth by Macduff, a general in Malcolm's army, whereupon Malcolm is crowned king.

Macbeth's falterings and misgivings spring from the peculiar structure of his intellect as inflamed with his guilt. He is possessed of a guilty conscience. This accounts for his impulsive actions which drive him to keep using his dagger and every thrust stabs a new wound in his own soul. His mind is morally weakened by Lady Macbeth who is ambitious for her husband to be king of Scotland, so on this account urges him on to these horrible murders, which finally cause his downfall. Lady

Macbeth is really a great bad woman, but not so bad as commonly supposed. She has been described as a woman of high intellect, bold spirit and lofty desires, who is mastered by a fiery thirst for power and that for her husband as well as for herself. In spite of her desires and ambitions she gives away under the strain and dies before her husband is slain. As a result of her terrible crimes Lady Macbeth falls a victim under her own conscience. She is stunned by the blow of retribution, crazed and brought to death by its power. It is the law of life.

Shakespeare teaches us in this tragedy that a force exists outside of human life—not only avenging but righteous,—that retribution or mental suffering can cause a greater disaster than physical pain. Treachery—crime of all sorts, falls heavily under the load of conscience, and he who will end life in the peacefulness in which the purest have gone with contentment, must so shape his life in a manner that it will stand for all things fair and equal, and be a byword of love and praise to his fellowmen.

FRANCES EDGAR.

A Victory of Peace

WHEN the west was an unknown country, our forefathers, with wonderful courage, made the attempt to see the extent of this new continent. So with infinite time and labor a trail was made across the country, gradually extending until it reached the Pacific Ocean. Battling with wild beasts and Indians, hewing down the trees to afford a passage, climbing steep, wild mountain ranges, with no sign of human life, across the wide stretching prairie fording rivers, across the hot, burning, waterless desert to the far west coast, slowly yet surely the Pioneers made their way, leaving many dead along the roadside behind them.

Quite different was the trail of the Liberty Bell across the continent. Very carefully was it prepared for its long journey by being well braced with a network of steel inside,—the work of experienced workmen. At length one day, with its attendants of stalwart guards of the pick of Philadelphia's police force, it left the city where its old iron clapper had pealed forth liberty to this great country of ours, and started on its journey. Speeding across the country in one of the modern easy-riding trains of to-day, over the shining steel rails which bind the country together, now climbing the Alleghenies by easy stages, then speeding across the level plains of the Mississippi Valley, across the "Father of Waters," then penetrating the rough Rockies, now following a river as it wound through its cañon, now going through dark tunnels, then up near the snow-capped peaks by easy grades, and then leaving the last glimpse of the white-caps behind it entered the desert. That desert, wierd, unyielding, barren, waterless, which had struck terror to many a heart of the Pioneers, now opened up by the railroad. Scaling the blue Sierras, the train, pulled by two laboring locomotives, slowly made its way over the seemingly inac-

cessible heights, through many miles of snow-sheds, and then sped down into sunny California,—that land of promise, to so many a person after gold had been discovered.

At every town or village, where the Liberty Bell passed through, business was suspended, and even in one of the large western cities, all the churches were empty Sunday morning, for every one had gone to see the Bell. At some of the little prairie towns, consisting of a little frame station, a water tank, a store, and a few houses, hundreds would be waiting on the platform to see the Bell as it passed thru, even if it was at two or three o'clock in the morning.

Its reception in San Francisco was wonderful. The streets along which the Bell was to go on its way to the Exposition, were lined on both sides by people who had come to welcome the Emblem of Liberty. Many had come in the "wee sma' hours," standing patiently in the cold to see the Bell. The escort of soldiers drawn from the Presidio, which was part of the Exposition grounds, was greeted by cheers and waving flags. When the Bell itself came along, however, every hat came off, every voice was hushed and only the footsteps of the soldiers were heard in the tense silence. Slowly and majestically the Bell moved down the street, seemingly propelled by its own motive power, hanging from its own old wooden yoke, and thousands of red roses, banked 'round it, all of which made one feel as if it was the funeral procession of a much-beloved person, instead of an inanimate object. Thus to the gates of the Exposition it proceeded, where it was carefully placed in the building representing Pennsylvania.

Situated on the principal avenue at the Exposition, the Pennsylvania Building was very inconspicuous. Built of plain dark red brick, with white trimming, designed after the old State House of Philadelphia, it did not attract much attention. The other state buildings were more pretentious and more important, but after the Bell was placed there it was the center of attraction. The central part of the building was open in front and back covered with a slate roof supported by huge white pillars. In the center of this open space, surrounded by a brass railing hung with flags, rested the Bell. Thousands of people pressed up to get a glimpse of it, or even to touch the venerated symbol of Liberty.

Its guards were always with it until it was placed in a fire-proof vault at one side when night came. Standing there and watching the expression on the face of the different people who came to view it and seeing how it was revered and honored, one could not help being proud to claim that he came from the same city that the Bell did. Seeing it there and being so many miles from home a feeling of home-sickness crept over one which was not easily dispelled. It was like a court of a great monarch, whom many had come to render homage.

This Exposition, costing hundreds of dollars, and comprising 635 acres, was set like a gem of wonderful colors interwoven to form one harmonious unit, along the bay of San Francisco, just inside the famous

Golden Gate. Back of it and framing it in a natural amphitheatre were the heights of San Francisco. The site and atmospheric color, suggesting the Mediterranean, led the architects to design the buildings to resemble those of the far East. Thus one sees magnificent buildings, adorned with sculpturing of pleasing design, built around courts. High colonades, plenty of fountains, flowers and plants all bringing to mind the Orient. The architecture was mixed,—classical Grecian and Roman, pointed Renaissance and Gothic, and the simple Mission style were all combined, no one building being distinctly one of these classes. The Tower of Jewels was a striking example of the different periods of architecture, for it was not a representative of any one class, all styles being intermingled gracefully and harmoniously. This tower rises to a height of a thirty-seven story building and covered with the jewels from which it takes its name. Thousands of them were used in its ornamentation and gave a shimmering brilliance to the tower under the play of the searchlight rays at night.

One successful and distinguishing feature of the Exposition was the color scheme. Instead of a staring white, a soft ivory was used for the walls of the buildings. Then decorated with the other colors as green, blue and red in soft tones, the effect was artistic in every detail. The official Exposition colors were Cerulean Blue, Pastel Red and Burnt Orange.

The different nations of the world, the States of the United States and the counties of California were represented by exhibits of all kinds, many being placed in the National and State Pavilions as well as in exhibit Palaces. Choice rugs and hangings in rich dull colors from Turkey, furniture of odd woods carved in intricate design from China and Japan, elaborate embroideries from other Eastern countries, fine china and glassware from Austria and France were some of the most interesting displays. It was surprising to see so complete a display from every foreign country. The war, seemingly, did not interfere or keep back exhibits.

Thus in contrast:—To the east of us on the other side of the Atlantic frightful carnage going on, one man's hand against his brother and greed, selfishness, inhumaneness being demonstrated on all sides. No manufacturing being done, but the making of infernal machines and engines of destruction,—the making of shot and shell to use in destroying one another. Misery and sorrow depicted on all sides. Famines in one place and massacres in another; slaughter of man and beast; the sound of guns and cannon and martial songs interwoven with the sound of the widows and orphans weeping for those who went to war because his ruler on earth said so.

On the other side of us towards the west, the direction of advancement was the journey of the Liberty Bell, its journey like that of a monarch but standing for something entirely different, "Peace," that magic word, much beloved word, Peace. The Exposition, a monument to Peace. Showing what can be accomplished in time of Peace,—improve-

ments in the line of architecture, education, painting, sculpturing and inventions. The country presenting a well-kept, fruitful condition. The Bell calling forth patriotism for our country, bringing forth a feeling of unity and that we are all united in our love of liberty,—bringing forth brotherly feeling, and emphasizing distinctly the answer to the question, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

ETHEL RUSSELL.

The Molding of a Character

THE molding of a character is one of God's mysteries as well as one of his masterpieces. It is the chief and highest aim in this world to turn out men and women of great and noble characters, in order that they may ennoble the world by their lives. A noble character is the most beautiful thing in life and therefore it is most important that great care should be taken to mold it aright from the very beginning.

A great many people confuse character and reputation. Reputation is what people know about us. Character is our inmost lives—what we really are. Be careful to have your character good and then your reputation will take care of itself. A certain wily politician once said to a poorer, but excellent man: "I would give a thousand pounds for your good name." On being asked the reason, he replied: "Because I could make ten thousand pounds by it." That man wanted a good reputation, but he cared nothing about character.

A baby is like unto a piece of clay in the hands of a sculptor. The mind is devoid of ideas of knowledge of any kind. It is just ready for first impressions, and to be shaped in any way. The world is the great sculptor of the piece of clay. Since the father and mother necessarily have the most to do for and with the child at the beginning, they have the honor of being the first to start the life which is to become great or small, good or evil, according as they start it. A good character is the most precious thing on earth, above rubies, gold, crowns or kingdoms, and the work of making it is the noblest work on earth. Every child at some period in its early life thinks the mother or father the chief embodiment of all virtues and tries to pattern its life after that of the older person. A common proof of this is shown in how often boys follow the business of their fathers. Heredity? Yes, in so far as first ideas and impressions can make it so. I remember reading in a magazine one time a quotation of Cardinal Newman, who was a famous theologian of Gladstone's time: "Give me a child until it is seven years old and I care not who has it afterwards." But some say that first impressions are easily made, but also easily erased. They are to a certain extent, for which we can be thankful. Otherwise how many more lives would go wrong. Yet we always remember the good times of our youth. Does the grandmother or aunt, when she is telling stories, more often tell of the days from fifteen to twenty-five, or of those up to fifteen. Nine cases out of ten they will be

of the latter, and mostly before she was ten years old. As the child grows older and its ever-increasing circle of friends spreads out, the character is slowly pushed into shape by a touch here and a touch there from the outside world. No person whom we meet, however slight the acquaintance, but has some influence on our lives. The closer the friends, the greater the influence. In this world of rumor and suspicion, a person is known by his friends. In many instances this is true, for his character is molded, to a certain extent, by the persons with whom he comes in contact. So choose good friends, but first see that you are the right kind of friend for some one else.

The clay, although a shapeless mass at first, under the sculptor's hands soon grows into a shape discernible to even a passing eye, and if it is from the hand of a skillful workman, it may be made into a great edifice or a noble piece of art. So our characters, if the sculptors are the right kind, may be fashioned into great edifices of noble lives. Not all noble characters and in fact a very small proportion of them have ever been notable ones in the eyes of the world. You may have a beautiful character and yet be unknown to any save those of your community. Many noble characters are like the rivers which run underground; unseen and unheard by the millions who tread above them. But are they fruitless? Ask the bountiful harvest fields that are watered and enriched by their existence. The whole world is fed and helped by their hidden resources. Not all the queens are crowned.

But of what shall this character consist? Or how shall it be touched to mold it in the right way? First by being polite to and considerate of other people, especially of those older than yourself. It doesn't cost any more to be polite than it does to be surly and how much you gain in the end. Next keep your troubles to yourself, but share your joys.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep and you weep alone;
For this sad, old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has sorrow enough of its own."

Remember other people have trials and troubles just as great if not greater than yours. You should help bear their burdens and not make theirs heavier by piling yours on top of them. Be truthful. "Be true if you would be believed." That is the basis or corner stone of your whole edifice. Be determined and thorough. "Whatever you undertake, do it well." If you are determined enough there will always be a way through everything. Be honest. A little street urchin who been standing by a fruit stall was asked by a man why he had not taken one of the pears. There had been no one there to see him. The boy replied: "Yes, there was. God and myself were there and I don't ever intend to let myself see me do anything wrong." Such a principle goes on molding the character hourly, and daily growing with a force that operates every moment.

A noble character indeed, if one embodied all those virtues in it. But does not Emerson say: "Hitch your wagon to a star?" Aim high and if you fall short you will be none the worse for the aiming. If you aim low you will be sure to come out low, but if you aim high you cannot help but be a great deal farther on than when you started. Robertson says that when you have got to the lowest depths of your heart you will find there not the mere desire for happiness, but a craving as natural to us as the desire for food—the craving for a nobler, higher life. Build surely and with a definite point in view. What if a man should collect materials and secure builders and when asked what he was going to build would reply: "I don't know. I am just going to build and build for a certain length of time, and then I shall see how it will turn out." He would be thought crazy by everybody around him. Yet that is the way some are building their characters, adding room to room, without plan or aim and thoughtlessly waiting to see what the effect will be.

So then let us mold our lives by a consistent plan, striving for these high ideals. Let the child be started out with the simplest of these ideas, and as he grows they will grow with him, collecting others as they go. They who honestly try to acquire these ideals or a proportion of them cannot help but be of some use, and the world will have been the better for their lives. The most conclusive logic that a minister may preach from the pulpit will never exercise half the influence that one good character will exercise all over the earth. It is a grander thing to be nobly remembered than to be nobly born. Only a few may be nobly born, but all have an equal chance to be nobly remembered.

GRACE DUEY.



A Good Great Man

THE life and good works of Benjamin Franklin may be divided into three parts—educational, scientific, and political. The educational division I will now take up, first giving a glimpse of his early life. Franklin was born in Boston January 17, 1706, and died April 17, 1790. The fifteenth child of a family of seventeen of a poor soap and candle maker, his school education was very limited. Early learning to read and showing signs of great brightness, he was intended by his father to enter the ministry. Since the expense of a college course seemed impossible to a man with such a large family, the idea had to be given up. At the age of ten he was taken from school, where he stood at the head of his class, to help his father in his trade. At the age of twelve, disliking greatly this work, and threatening to run away to sea, his father had him apprenticed to his brother, James, who owned a printing shop in Boston. The time of apprenticeship extended to his twenty-first year. Taken out of school, however, he did not give up his desire for knowledge. During this time he read such books as *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Plutarch's Lives*, Defoe's "Essay on Projects" and Mather's "Essay to do Good." These, by their influence, gave him a turn of thinking that had much to do with some of the principal future events of his life. Many times he would borrow books and read them the largest part of the night, that he might return them in the morning. Later, quarrelling with his brother, who often beat him, he determined to run away and came to Philadelphia, nearly penniless, and his clothes in a miserable condition from rain, walking up Market street eating a loaf of bread and two other loaves, one tucked under each arm. Here he found work at his trade, and after some varied experiences in England, where he again worked as a printer and returning again to America in 1729, he purchased the "Pennsylvania Gazette," which, under his direction was the best edited newspaper in the colonies, publishing no libels and exciting no quarrels. This quickened the intelligence of Pennsylvania and gave the onward impulse to the press of America, and through it he introduced advertising, an indispensable element in modern business. At this time he formed the "Junto," a young men's club for mutual improvement. With the aid of this club he established the Philadelphia Library, the parent of thousands of other libraries, doing immense good in helping to educate all classes. In 1732 Franklin published *Poor Richard's Almanac* under the name of Richard Saunders, and was continued by him for twenty years. This almanac was made very entertaining and useful. Knowing that it was read by everybody, he made it a vehicle for conveying instruction to the common people, who bought scarcely any books, for he filled all the space between the remarkable calendar days with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as would impress on their minds industry and frugality as the means of procuring

wealth. These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, was brought home to their minds in words they could understand and remember forever. Some of these I will quote, and you will see that they are all he intended them to be. "Sloth, like Rust, consumes faster than Labor wears; while the used key is always bright," "Do not squander time, for that's the stuff Life is made of," "Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him," "He that hath a trade hath an Estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of Profit and Honor," "Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure," "Since thou are not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour," "He that by the plow would thrive, Himself must either hold or drive," "Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a ship," "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them," "Buy what thou hast no need of and ere long, thou shalt sell thy necessities," "Wise men learn by others' harms; Fools scarcely by their own," "If you would know the value of money go and try to borrow some," "He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing," "Fond pride or dress is, sure, a very curse! Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse!" "Since poverty deprives a man of spirit he says, 'Tis hard for an empty bag to stand upright. Creditors are a superstitious sect! great observers of set days and times." "For age and want save while you may! No morning sun lasts a whole day," "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

To conclude, the educational good that Franklin did: He was chiefly instrumental in founding the first high school of Pennsylvania, and died pleading that French, Spanish and German—the languages of commerce and of the streets, be taught in the schools. Wishing a higher institution of learning in Pennsylvania, he did much to found the University of Pennsylvania, of which he is called the father.

The chief thing in the scientific field that Franklin gave to mankind was the identification of lightning with electricity. By inventing the lightning rod he robbed lightning of its power and terror to a large extent. As fuel became scarce in the neighborhood of the colonies he invented the Franklin stove, which economized it. He delivered civilized mankind from the nuisance once universal, of smoky chimneys. He was the first effective exponent of the doctrine of ventilation. He founded the American Philosophical Society, the first organization in America of the friends of science. He introduced the basket willow and encouraged the culture of silk. He lent his name and tact to the founding of the Philadelphia Hospital. He discovered the temperature of the gulf stream; discovered that the northeast storms begin in the southwest. He invented the invaluable contrivance by which a fire consumes its own smoke. He pointed out the advantage of building ships in water-tight compartments, taking the hint from the Chinese. He made important discoveries respecting the causes of the most universal of all diseases—colds. For his Philosophical experiments and discoveries he was given, when in England, the Sir Godfrey Copley medal for the year 1753.

The first important political position Franklin held was when he was made clerk of the General Assembly in 1736. In 1753 he was made Postmaster General of British North America, in which position he created the post-office system of America. In 1754, when a rupture with France was expected, he sat as a delegate in the Congress at Albany. In 1757 he was sent to England as agent for Pennsylvania, and his reputation as a practical philosopher, having preceded him, he was received with great respect, the universities of Edinburgh, Oxford and St. Andrew's conferring upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1764 he revisited England as colonial agent, and was mainly instrumental in securing the repeal of the odious stamp act. When the break with England took place he was elected a member of the American Congress, signed the Declaration of Independence and afterwards aided in the framing of the Constitution of the United States. In 1776 he was made Ambassador to France, securing their aid in the war with England. He served in this position until 1785, when he returned to America to assume the office of President of Pennsylvania, to which he was twice reëlected, retiring from public life in 1788. The causing of Philadelphia to be paved, lighted and cleaned, and the establishment of the first fire company are also among the benefits Franklin did for his city.

Having, during a very long life, instructed, stimulated, cheered, amused and elevated his countrymen and all mankind, he was faithful to them to the end, and added to his other services the edifying spectacle of a calm, cheerful and triumphant death, leaving behind him a mass of writings full of his own kindness, humor and wisdom, of which his autobiography is the best example, to carry on his influence and sweeten the life of coming generations. He was the political philosopher of his age, doing for a whole people in almost every department of public and private life what Bacon did for philosophy, what Shakespeare did to teach men a knowledge of human nature, and what Galileo did to bring the heavens down to earth. Franklin made a school house of the thirteen colonies, in which he educated by his precepts, his example, his newspapers, his letters and by his deeds, the great mass of the American people in the practical concerns of every day life. In these respects he has by general consent been regarded as immeasurably great. He was, indeed, a good, great man.

J. AMMON MCGOWAN.



Scylla and Charybdis

SCYLLA is a rocky cape on the western coast of southern Italy, jutting out boldly into the sea so as to form a small peninsula just at the northern entrance to the Straits of Messina. The rock is about two hundred feet high and greatly hollowed out by the action of the waves. Although to-day, by the improved marine implements, the rounding of Scylla is not much more dangerous than the rounding of any other rocky point, the ancients looked upon navigation here as very dangerous, and indeed so it was.

Charybdis is a celebrated whirlpool nearly opposite the entrance to the harbor of Messina, in Sicily. Navigation in the vicinity of this is considered very dangerous, even to-day.

To us these are vast geographical formations. Scylla is a huge rock worn away by the action of the waves under which, on account of the tides and undercurrents, boats venturing too near are dragged in and wrecked. Charybdis is a great whirlpool, the cause of which is unknown. But, since to the ancients the scientific formation was not known, they had their own ideas as to the causes, which I shall briefly relate.

Scylla was a fair virgin, who lived in Sicily, a favorite of the sea-nymphs. She had many suitors, but repelled them all. Glaucus was a fisherman. One day he had drawn his nets to land, richly laden, and had emptied them out on the grass when a strange thing happened. The place where he had landed was a beautiful island in the middle of the river, a secluded spot, visited neither by cattle nor any other human being than himself. Suddenly he noticed the fish to take life and leap into the sea. He wondered what charm or herb had such power, and at once tasted of some of those growing at his feet. Scarcely had the juice reached his lips than he had a great longing for the water. He sprang into the sea and was at once changed into a sea-god. His hair was sea-green and trailed behind him on the water, and what had been thighs and legs assumed the form of a fish's tail.

One day as Scylla was walking along the sandy shore she saw this queer being in the sea and was frightened, but Glaucus at once fell in love with her, and, supporting himself on a rock, spoke those things which he thought most likely to win a lovely maiden. He told of his transformation, but Scylla turned and hastened away.

Glaucus was in despair and went at once to the enchantress, Circe. He asked that she should not cure him of his love, but that Scylla be made to love him. Circe, who greatly admired Glaucus, said that it would be far better if he would woo some one who cared for him, but Glaucus replied that sooner would trees grow on the bottom of the ocean and seaweed on the tops of the mountains, than he would cease to love Scylla.

The goddess was very jealous and since she did not care to vent her wrath on Glaucus, she let it all fall on poor Scylla. She took plants of

poisonous power and mixed them together with charms and incantations. Then she proceeded to the coast of Sicily, where she was sure to find her victim.

There was a small bay along the coast where Scylla was wont to go in the heat of the day to sit on the rocks, breathing the sea air and to bathe in its waters. Here Circe poured out her poisonous mixture and uttered her powerful incantations. Scylla came as usual and plunged into the water up to her waist. To her horror she saw a brood of snakes and barking monsters surrounding her. She tried to run from them, but found that she carried them with her. When she realized what had happened she became rooted to the spot from horror, and her sweet temper changed to match her horrid form. Thus the peaceful bay, with its restful rocks, became the abode of the terrible Scylla.

Very silently she worked, never giving warning to the passing ships, but her delight was to snatch hapless mariners in her arms and bear them away to her cave. No vessel within her reach was allowed to pass without paying its toll of at least one human life, snatched from among its companions by one of Scylla's huge, snaky arms.

Opposite Scylla was an immense rock crowned by a single wild fig tree. By the beating of the waves a huge cave had been formed. Here another terrible monster, Charybdis, had her den. Far away her terrible roaring gave warning to the sailors to guide their frail ships as far away as possible from her cruel mouth. When enraged, three times a day she engulfed the surrounding waters of the sea and drew into her spacious jaws even large galleys and three times a day she hurled them forth again.

All thru the ages the monsters, Scylla and Charybdis have been endangering the seas of life to human navigation. Charybdis, or some of those temptations and evils of life, which by their openness warn people to steer their course at a distance, still rages and devours those who come within her grasp. But while avoiding Charybdis it is hard not to become an easy prey to the three-fold more horrible Scylla, who works so quickly, and never sounds a note of warning until some one is caught. Then the barking monsters howl with delight. But between these dangers is a swift, narrow channel, which carries the careful pilot safely by.

EDITH SOUDER.

Athletics

AFTER a period of faithful training, our track team went up against strong teams at Franklin Field, University of Pennsylvania, Cheltenham, Perkiomen Seminary and Villanova. At all meets our boys showed up well, notwithstanding the disadvantages at which they were placed. Our team was made up of J. Ammon McGowan, capt.; Nathan White, John Donohue, Michael Tobin, Thomas Sweeney and John Blackley. Special credit is due our captain for the manner in which he conducted his team at the various meets. With the showing made this year, and the fact that only one man will be lost is encouraging for next year's team. Let us encourage the boys for their interest shown in good clean sport.

Exchanges

AS this is only the second number of our new publication, the exchange list is not very large, although after our last issue we sent away about three times the number of exchanges received since that time. We are sure several explanations could be offered for this failure to receive more, so will look forward to a larger list the next time.

We wish to thank the exchange editors of the received publications for their prompt and businesslike attitude regarding the matter.

We acknowledge, with thanks, the following exchanges:

Academy Monthly, Germantown Academy.

Advocate, Lincoln (Neb.) High School.

The Amulet, West Chester State Normal School.

Brown and White, Westtown Friends' School.

Garnet and White, West Chester High School.

Onas, Wm. Penn High School.

Penn Charter Magazine, Penn Charter School.

Scarlet and Gray, Baltimore Friends' School.

The Gordonian, The Gordan School, Philadelphia.

The Wissahickon, Chestnut Hill Academy.

The Academy Scholium, Episcopal Academy.

The Tradesman, High School of Commerce, Boston, Mass.

COMMENTS.

Academy Monthly:—We like your businesslike way, but the appearance of your paper would be improved by one column instead of two.

The Advocate:—Your paper has plenty of jokes and school notes, but more literature would make a great improvement.

The Amulet:—The article on "The Aims of Education" is a strong argument for higher ideals and shows excellent thought.

Brown and White:—This little paper contains very good material and is edited very carefully.

Garnet and White:—Your "Notes and Comments" is a fine department and the attractive cover design adds to the general appearance of the paper.

Onas:—We find excellent cuts in your paper and good management is evident throughout.

Penn Charter Magazine:—The arrangement of your paper is very good and the contents well-balanced.

The Gordonian:—The paper is good throughout, and the short stories especially are well-written.

Scarlet and Gray:—Your May number is a great improvement over the preceding one, concerning the literary department. The story, entitled "A Tale of Old Baltimore," is especially worthy of praise.

The Wissahickon:—More cuts are needed in your paper, and why not start your literary department on a page by itself?

The Academy Scholium:—Your literary department needs improvement, though your poetry is very good.

The Tradesman:—Your magazine is the best one we have received and we consider it as a good example for all school papers. The spirit of your school is manifest everywhere, from cover to cover.



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